Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 6—VOL. XVI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1804. NO. 787.

CONSTANTIO;

A TALE.

CONSTANTIO was the ſon of a wealthy merchant, who dying when his ſon was in his infancy, left him to the care of an uncle, as his mother was likewiſe dead, to whom he committed the care of his education, and appointed him his ſole guardian, till he came of age. This uncle, whom I ſhall call Horatio, wiſhing to get poſſeſſion of his brother's fortune, and to ſecure it to his own family, determined to get Conſtantio put to death, in order to effect this. For this purpoſe he treated him cruelly during his infancy, and expoſed him to all manner of dangers, hoping by theſe means to ruin his conſtitution, ſo as to make him die a ſpeedy death, as he rather wiſhed that he ſhould die a natural than a violent one. Conſtantio, however, belied his expectation, and was more healthful than his own children, who were two in number, namely a ſon and a daughter. Theſe, whom I ſhall call Philip and Sophia, were taught to hate their couſin, and to treat him diſreſpectfully on all occaſions, though he was evidently their ſuperior in all accompliſhments, and was of a far more beautiful perſon.

In this manner did Horatio treat his nephew, till he was fifteen years of age, at which time an opportunity occurred of getting free of him, which he greedily embraced. Near his houſe, which was in a remote part of the country, there was a cottage, whoſe inhabitants were his tenants, and who were much indebted to him for relieving their neceſſities on many occaſions. Theſe perſons he bribed with a great ſum of money, and with greater promiſes, on condition of their performing what he wiſhed them to do, to murder Conſtantio when he came to their cottage, to which he would ſend him on ſome pretence. Theſe perſons he likewiſe compelled with threats to perform what he wiſhed, letting them know that their ruin would be the price of their diſobedience; ſo that being in a manner compelled to murder Conſtantio, they determined to do it by poiſon. When Conſtantio accordingly came to their houſe they offered him milk to drink, in which they had infuſed a great quantity of laudanum, which Conſtantio accordingly drank, but had no ſooner done ſo than he immediately vomited all that he drank. The conſciences of theſe wretches being ſtung with what they had already done, had not the reſolution to make a ſecond attempt they accordingly ſuffered Conſtantio to go away, and gave him a letter to his uncle, acquainting him with what they had done, and what had happened, and declaring that they would make no further attempt on the life of Conſtantio. Being irritated at this news, he immediately went to their cottage, and threatened to bring them to juſtice for attempting to murder Conſtantio, unleſs they would immediately contrive ſome method of effectually getting free of him.

Intimidated at this threat, they immediately promiſed to do whatever he ſhould deſire them, but on Conſtantio's coming to them again they found themſelves unable to execute their purpoſe, which was to ſhoot him with a fowling-piece which they had ready prepared, loaded, and which one of them was to fire as if by accident. This time too they ſuffered Conſtantio to depart without receiving any harm, which ſo exaſperated Horatio that he put them out of their cottage, threatening to bring them to juſtice for what they had done, and accordingly did ſo, and had all matters concerted ſo dexterouſly that they were immediately found guilty, without his appearing to have had any concern in the matter, and to render whatever they ſhould ſay againſt him fruitleſs. Theſe perſons accordingly received their ſentence, which was that of tranſportation, which was thought a very light puniſhment of their crime, as death was expected, but was mitigated, as they had failed in the execution of their purpoſe.

Horatio being ſtill at a loſs how to get free of Conſtantio, determined to put him to death with his own hand, and for that purpoſe took him into his garden, where he had a grave ready dug for his reception, and determined to ſhoot him with a piſtol, and after his death, to adverti ſe him in the public papers, as having left his houſe, and offering a reward to any perſon who would diſcover him. This he had a moſt accompliſhed, but juſt at the moment when he was going to fire, his hand ſhook ſo violently, that he miſſed his mark, and had not reſolution to fire a ſecond time. Conſtantio perceiving that his uncle had a deſign on his life, determined to leave him, and accordingly went away early in a ſummer morning, determining rather to die of hunger, than remain any longer in ſuch a ſituation. He had, however, ſome money which had been allowed him by his uncle to ſave appearances, on which he determined to live till he could procure ſome way of livelihood. He accordingly went ſorrowfully to the ſea ſide, where he ſat down, ruminating on what meaſures to take, when he ſaw a veſſel which was going to ſet ſail. He then ſpoke to ſome of the crew, to whom he made known his ſituation; and received from them ſo pleaſant an account of a ſea life, that he reſolved to go to ſea as the beſt method he could take; and accordingly bargained with the Captain, who took him on board as a common ſailor, though that did not ſuit the education which he had received, for although Horatio had treated Conſtantio harſhly on all occaſions, he had ſpared no expence in his education, which he received along with his couſins.

This veſſel, which was a merchantman, accordingly ſet ſail, and proceeded ſucceſsfully on the voyage for ſome weeks, at the end of which time a dreadful ſtorm aroſe, which ſtruck all the crew with terror. They, however, weathered the ſtorm, at the expence of a great part of the cargo, and ſeveral pieces of cannon, which they were obliged to throw over-board, in order to lighten the ſhip. In this ſituation they proceeded to the place of their deſtination, without any obſtruction for a few weeks longer, at the end of which time they were purſued by a Barbary corſair, by which they were captured, and taken on board as priſoners, in order to be ſold as ſlaves when they arrived at Barbary. It was on this occaſion that Conſtantio had an opportunity of diſplaying his ingenuity in delivering himſelf, and the reſt of the crew, from captivity, for as their captors were buſily employed in ſecuring and repairing the veſſel which they had taken, he ſuggeſted the thought of maſtering their captors, as a very few were on board their own ſhip, and the moſt of thoſe below in the hold, which reſolution was inſtantly embraced by his companions, who reſolved with him rather to die than ſuffer ſlavery. They accordingly maſtered ſuch as were on deck, ſecured the reſt, took poſſeſſion of the guns, and pointed them againſt their own veſſel which the Moors were buſily engaged in refitting; ſo that they in their turn were taken priſoners. Immediately after this, however, the veſſel ſunk, being overloaded with the number of Moors who were on board, ſo that they proceeded on their voyage in the Mooriſh veſſel, which was in an excellent ſtate, being obliged to ſuffer all the Moors to periſh, as the ſhip ſunk almoſt inſtantaneouſly.

When the veſſel had arrived at its deſtined port, the ſervice which Conſtantio had rendered, by his ſpirit and activity, being made public, many honors were conferred on him, and his praiſes were ſo much ſpoken of, that he was almoſt aſhamed to appear in public. This, however, was the means of his promotion, for his ſervices being repreſented to the owners of the ſhip, he was promoted to a ſituation to which his education intitled him, being advanced to the rank of midſhipman, in which ſtation he approved himſelf ſo well, that he was ſoon after promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and afterward, in an engagement with a French privateer, the Captain being killed, he took the command of the veſſel, in which capacity he obtained a complete victory. During the period in which all theſe events took place, which was about ten years, he had acquired much wealth, which induced him to return to England, where he reſolved to ſpend the reſt of his life; but his expectations were fruſtrated in this reſpect, by what ſhall be related preſently. He having, as was juſt mentioned, determined to return home, he ſent before him all his wealth, intending immediately to follow, but a ſtorm ariſing, he was prevented from doing ſo, and was almoſt killed by the following accident: While his veſſel was lying in port, a great thunder-ſtorm ariſing, by ſome means or other the magazine took fire, by which the ſhip was blown up, and a great number of the crew periſhed. Conſtantio himſelf was caſt into the ſea, and although he received no hurt from the exploſion, narrowly eſcaped from a death as dreadful, being almoſt ſwallowed by a ſhark which had followed the ſhip into port, but from it he was happily delivered, the ſhark being ſhot by the crew of a boat which had come to the aſſiſtance of the crew. Though, as was ſaid, he had received no hurt, yet the perturbation in which he was thrown by what had taken place, threw him into a ſtrong fever, in which he languiſhed a long time. While he was in this ſituation, he longed much to behold his native country, and ſo vehement was his deſire, that he engaged a ſhip to carry him home; but juſt as he was going on board, a man, whoſe face he thought he knew, falling down at his feet, beſought his forgiveneſs for what he had done to him. An explanation taking place, this man proved to be the perſon whom Horatio had employed to murder Conſtantio, but had not the reſolution to do it, as was formerly mentioned. This man then acquainted Conſtantio with his uncle's reſolutions reſpecting him, and likewiſe

informed him that Horatio had concealed his brother's will, and as the notary who had been present when he made it was dead, Horatioa thought himself secure of his fortune. As all this had been concealed from Conſtantio, while he lived with his uncle, he was greatly amazed at ſuch wickedneſs, and the more eſpecially as Horatio had made it be believed that his father had died in reduced circumſtances. This man further acquainted Conſtantio of what Horatio had done to him and his wife, and how, after the period of their tranſportation was expired, they were ſhipwrecked on their return home, and caſt upon an iſland, where the inhabitants were cannibals, and how they narrowly eſcaped with their lives, lurking in caves till they got an opportunity of eſcaping, which they accompliſhed by building a boat, in which they embarked during the night, with what proviſion they could procure, which was indeed a very ſhort ſupply. In this ſituation they ſuffered the greateſt hardſhips, being obliged, when their proviſions were conſumed, to live on one another, and at laſt the boat foundered, by which the few that remained were drowned: among which was his wife, who had been repeatedly ſaying that this was the puniſhment of the crime which they had intended to commit. That he himſelf being an expert ſwimmer, had kept himſelf by that means from drowning, till he was picked up by a French veſſel, and carried to France, where he had lately arrived, but was at a loſs how to procure ſuſtenance, as he was ſo worn out with the fatigue which he had endured, that he was unable to work, and earneſtly entreated Conſtantio to give him ſome aſſiſtance, although he had leaſt reaſon to expect it from him, of any perſon in the world.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTE.

A late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland being obliged to ſtop for a night at an inconſiderable inn in the country of Weſtmeath, ſent for the landlord, who, being well informed of the local ſtate of the country, and an intelligent perſon, he juſtly conceived could give him ſome uſeful information. My lord was ſo much pleaſed with this man (whoſe name was Cuff,) that in a convivial moment he knighted him. In the morning, however, apprized of the indiſcretion, he ſent for Cuff, whom he laughingly deſired to think no more of the matter; but on the landlord ſaying, "he would conſent to ſink the title, if Lady Cuff had no objection," his Lordſhip exclaimed—"that the caſe was deſperate when a woman's vanity was at iſſue," and haſtened from the houſe. The copious, or at leaſt hacknied theme, the vanity of women, the witlings of all ages have uniformly made the moſt of; but, to the credit of Lady Cuff be it recorded, that being, by the death of her huſband, left a free agent, ſhe has dropped a title which ought by ſome means to have been ſupported, and endeavors, by attention to her gueſt, to obtain a maintenance for her family.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Vermont Journal.

RUNAWAY from his wife and children, on Friday laſt, John Spraggs, five feet three inches high; ſquint eyed, a long red noſe, with a lofty bridge, primes and loads (viz. takes ſnuff and chews tobacco;) fiddle backed, very loquacious, ſo much ſo, that he will talk to himſelf rather than let his poor tongue get a little reſt; affects a great deal of religion, uſually carries a prayer book in one pocket, and a pack of card in the other.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

HORACE 2d. ODE 8th.

IF any God, thou perjured fair,
By whom ſo oft you falſely ſwear,
Impoſed on you for ſuch a deed,
The puniſhment it merited,
Thy vows had not been diſbelieved,
But every mark of faith received;
But ſince thy vows have faithleſs proved,
More charming now and more beloved.
Thou ſeem'ſt to be the only care
Of all our youth, ſo falſe and fair.
Thee it becomes, with grace to lie,
And all thy oaths to falſify;
Oaths, whoſe ſolemn truth to prove
You call'd on all the powers above;
How Venus ſmiles as to her ears,
The wind thy faithleſs promiſe bears!
The little God his quiver takes,
And ſmiling makes more ſharp his darts,
For thee new conqueſts to obtain,
Wounds to inflict and create pain.
All thy commands the youth obey,
Whoſe menial train increaſe each day;
Nor do thy ſlaves who were before
Now leave thee, but thy form adore,
Tho' oft by vows they thus declare,
By vows as falſe as thine they ſwear.
The anxious mother chides her ſon,
Leaſt his young years thy power ſhould own;
The bridal maid deteſts thy name,
Leſt thy more powerful charms detain
Her wedded lord; and mar'cheſs face
Should ſnatch him from the long'd embrace.

M.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

WHEN firſt I dar'd by ſoft ſurprize,
To breath my love in Flavia's ear,
I ſaw the mixt ſenſations riſe
Of trembling joy---and pleaſing fear,
Her cheek forgot its roſy hue;
For what has art with love to do.

But ſoon the crimſon glow return'd,
Ere half my paſſion was expreſt.
The eye that cloſ'd---the cheek that burn'd,
The quiv'ring lip---the panting breaſt:
Shew'd that ſhe thought or wiſh'd me true,
For what has art with love to do.

"Ah ſpeak," I cried, "thy ſoft aſſent,"
She ſtrove to ſpeak, ſhe could but ſigh,
A glance more heav'nly eloquent;
Left language nothing to ſupply.
She preſt my hands with fervor new,
For what has art with love to do.

Ye practis'd Nymphs who form your charms
By paſſions rules, enjoy your ſkill,
Torment your ſwains with falſe alarms,
And ere you cure, pretend to kill.
Still, ſtill, your ſexes wiles purſue,
Such tricks ſhe leaves to art and you.

Secure of native powers to pleaſe,
My Flavia ſcorns all mean pretence,
Her form is elegence and eaſe,
Her ſoul is truth and innocence,
And theſe, oh heart-felt extacy,
She gave to honor, love, and me.

Bedford.

A VALENTINE.

TO greet the new-born, blooming year,
What vary'd flow'ry ſweets appear!
The little birds begin to ſing,
And nature ſmiles to welcome ſpring.

Yet theſe, Amanta, ſoon decay;
The ſongſters on the leafy ſpray
Will ſilent ſit, nor heed the year,
Nor ſweetly vary'd flow'rs appear.

Inconſtant theſe---but I will prove
Exemplar of unchanging love:
Entwine my faithful heart with thine,
And ever be thy Valentine.

LETTER

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIENDS, ON THE LOSS OF AN AMIABLE AND BELOVED DAUGHTER.

BEREAVED FRIENDS,

PREVENTED from viſiting you by indiſpoſition, I could not but offer you my condolence on the loſs of dear Maria. No doubt the moſt tender feelings of your ſouls are raiſed, and you mourn the loſs of thoſe charming proſpects long entertained for her future life. Under ſo ſevere a ſtroke, ſubmiſſion becomes hard. It is however neceſſary; and, I pray that God who hath commiſſioned death to enter your family, and gather to ſweet a flower, may condole you in himſelf! Remember, he might have taken the whole of your offspring, as he did Job's. He has taken one only, and left you many others to bloom in your boſom. Be aſſured, God knew which beſt to remove. Perhaps had Maria been ſpared, ſome unforeſeen calamity might have attended, which would have produced you greater ſorrow. At any rate, God is too wiſe to be mistaken, and too good to be unkind. "He doth all things well!" Learn therefore, to "Be ſtill, and know that he is God." Pſalm 46. 10. Let the removal of one, be a ſtimulus to train up the reſt in the fear of the Lord. Nor can I but on this occaſion, ſincerely wiſh, that where *you* have loſt the creature, *there you* may more ſenſibly find your God! Ah! I know theſe pledges of conjugal affection may ſteal our hearts away, and ſometimes become "Our houſhold Gods." And, the Lord hath often ſaid, "Thou ſhalt have none other God, but me." Concerning our children, let us then ſay, 'For us they ſicken, and for us they die. Let us, inſtead of yielding to exceſſive grief, and painting the calamity in the moſt direful colors, liſten to the voice of bereaving Providence, and learn thoſe leſſons it is calculated to convey. With this you have my beſt wiſhes for your perſonal and ſocial comfort. May the children whom the Lord hath ſpared, prove laſting bleſſings to you, and to ſociety. Ceaſe then your grief and ſay.

From our fond arms our child is fled,
And leaves us here to mourn;
Snatch'd to the manſions of the dead,
From whence there's no return.

We would not murmur, tho' we mourn
He gave and takes away;
Our comforts fled ſhall yet return
At the eternal day.

POWER OF AFFECTION.

THE reſemblance between the outlines and cataſtrophe of the following ſtory and thoſe of the fable of Shakſpeare's Romeo and Juliet, will readily be perceived. The ſtory is thus related by Ghirardacci, in his hiſtory of Bologna.

There were in Bologna two moſt noble families, the Gieremine and the Lambertacci between whom had long ſubſiſted, not only the party prejudices of Guelphs and Ghibellines, but a rivalry for power and pre-eminence in the ſtate; but neither party animoſities, nor family jealouſies were able to prevent Imelda, a daughter of Oriando Lambertacci, a moſt beautiful young lady, for entertaining a partiality for Boniface, a ſon of Gieremea de Gieremei, a moſt beautiful young man, who was deſperately in love with her. This mutual paſſion, thus encreaſing in their hearts from day to day, the two lovers at laſt found an opportunity to meet and converſe together. The lady's brothers being engaged in ſome amuſements at the houſe of the Caccianemici, having information of this interview, went to their ſiſter's chamber, and finding Boniface there, fell upon him with their envenomed weapons, and perforated in an inſtant his breaſt and his heart, their miſerable ſiſter flying in deſpair from their fury.

Having committed the murder, they concealed the body in a ſink which ran under ſome apartment in the houſe, and fled from the city.

The murderers being departed, Imelda, full of apprehenſions and terrible preſages of what ſhe ſhould diſcover, ventured to return to her chamber, and ſeeing upon the floor a rivulet of blood, ſhe followed its direction, and opening the place where her lover lay, ſhe threw her delicate perſon on his body, ſtill warm and bleeding, and diſtracted with tenderneſs and grief, applied her lips to his wounds, and drew in priſon with his blood; and, while her thoughts were wholly confounded with the pangs of grief for her loſt lover, the poiſon ſpread over her whole frame to her heart, and Imelda fell dead in the arms of her Boniface.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, February 11, 1804.

The city clerk reports the death of 24 perſons, of whom 27 were adults and 17 children, during the week ending on Saturday laſt, viz. Of conſumption 11, complaint in the liver 1, fits 4, palſey 1, ſudden 1, ſmall pox 2, unknown 2, inflammation of the lungs 1, heavy cold 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, dropſy 2, by the uſe of opium 1, influenza 1, aſthma 1, hives 4, whooping cough 1, and 7 of diſorders not mentioned.

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On the occaſion of a duel which lately took place in New-Jerſey, the ſeveral ſpectators, who accompanied the parties to the field, together with the two ſeconds, climbed the trees to be out of harm's way, while they ſaw fair play. One of the parties, however, choſe to terminate the affair by firing his piſtol in the air—a thing unforſeen. The ball paſſed through the upper limbs of the very tree where the ſecond of his antagoniſt had taken his poſt, and who was ſo much alarmed at the whiſtling of the bullet, that he fell, and broke his collar bone! Happily no lives were loſt.

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We learn by a letter from Waſhington, that a duel was lately fought at Savannah (Geo.) by the Hon. JOHN RUTLEDGE, late of Congreſs, and Doctor CENTRE, of Rhode-Iſland. The doctor fell the firſt fire, having one of his legs broken, and the other badly wounded. His broken leg has ſince been amputated, and his recovery is conſidered as very doubtful. Mr. Rutledge received no material injury---the ball paſſed through his coat, and merely grazed his back.

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PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

One day laſt week a friend called on Mr. Ide, of North-Farm, in the pariſh of Eaſt-Bourne, near Midhurſt, in order to take a day's diverſion of ſhooting. After breakfaſt the Gentlemen prepared for the field, and the friend of Mr. Ide, incautiouſly rapping the flint of his gun when loaded, diſcharged the piece, the contents of which went ſo near the face of Mrs. Ide, who was in the ſame room, that it carried away the ſtrip of her cap, and afterwards paſſed exactly between two children, who were ſitting very near to each other in the corner but miraculouſly without injuring either of them.

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The Printing-Office of Mr. Joſeph Gales, Printer of the North Carolina Gazette, at Raleigh, together with all its contents, was entirely conſumed by fire, on Sunday laſt week.

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On the 23d of Auguſt, Mr. Harding, an eminent printer and bookſeller of Liverpool, poſſeſſed of 11 cool in bank property, cut his throat under hypochondriac terrors, as was aſſerted, of the threatened invaſion of England.

AN AWFUL WARNING TO DRUNKARDS.

Among the numerous miſfortunes ariſing from immoderate drinking, the following is a late and melancholy inſtance:--On tueſday laſt, about 4 in the evening, a young man, 22 years of age, eight miles from Baltimore and near the Hartford road, took his departure from one houſe intending to go to another; being overcharged with liquor, he fell down, in the ſnow, where he lay until day break the next morning, when he awoke, and with great difficulty, made his way to a houſe---at which time, his hands (being frozen) would rattle together like flint ſtones, and being unable to uſe them, picked up his hat with his teeth and carried it to the houſe. I have traced his track reverſely about half a mile, and found his miſerable birth, where it plainly appears, that he lay the whole time on his right ſide, without any appearance of movement, except a very little of his feet. having thawed the ſnow to the earth, under his body; likewiſe an hole oppoſite his mouth, by his breath, about the ſize of his hat crown; his hat being off, ſome of his hair remained frozen to the ſnow---He is now one of the moſt miſerable objects that eyes ever beheld! with his hands, feet and legs nearly double their uſual ſize, and moſtly of a deep purple, with large watery bliſters; his limbs at leaſt are, and I think his life, may juſtly be deſpaired of; and thus, by an act of intemperance, Baltimore country may be deprived of one of the moſt active, ſtout and ſprightly young men (as a laborer,) it ever produced. But how human nature could ſurvive 13 or 14 hours on ſo cold a night, without movement, without ſhelter, without a great coat, mittens, or even comfortable body clothes, bare headed, in ſnow 15 inches deep, is a ſubject of enquiry contemplation and wonder, for abler minds than that of

AN ACTUAL SPECTATOR.

PS. Since writing the above, I have attended at the dreſſing of this poor man: when the ſkin came off both hands, and all the nails of the right, except the thumb. His feet and ancles entirely ſhed their nails and ſkin, after which they aſſumed the appearance of the crimſon garden beet, when boiled and peeled--DREDFUL WAS THE SIGHT!

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On Sunday evening the 22d ult. a fire broke out in Moriſtown, Burlington county, (N. J.) in the ſhop of Benjamin Scattergood, cabinet-maker, and communicated to the ſhop and dwelling-houſe of Iſaac Archer, wheelwright—all which buildings, with moſt of the materials and tools of the owners, were deſtroyed. The loſs ſuſtained by this fire is computed at 3000 dollars.

—

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

On Wedneſday the 25th ult as Mr. Benjamin Morris, of New-Hartford ſettlement, was chopping a tree, on which another was lodged, having cut it nearly half off on the ſtrained ſide, it ſpit, flew back, and ſtruck him down; and after clearing from the ſtump, fell upon him. A hired man of Mr. Morris who was but a few rods from him, ran immediately to his aſſiſtance, and with great exertions got him from under the tree; but alas! the conſequence proved fatal;—being bruiſed in a moſt ſhocking manner, he expired in about an hour, in the 43d year of his age.

25,000 *Dollars the higheſt prize.*

For ſale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 8 Peck-Slip,

TICKETS in Lowery No. 11, for the ENCOURAGEMENT of LITERATURE.

ALSO

BOOKS AND STATIONARY

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Hiſtory, Divinity, Miſcellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

COURT OF HYMEN.

"Where chaſte delights ſupremely reign,
And pleaſure only wakes to bliſs;
Where HYMEN does his ſway maintain,
There, only there dwells happineſs."

MARRIED,

On Thurſday the 26th ult. at North-Caſtle, by the Rev. Mr. Bath, Mr. DAVID GRIFFIN, to Miſs HANNAH CROMWELL, both of that place.

On Thurſday evening the 2d inſt. at Brooklyn, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, Mr. THORNE CARPENTER, of this city, to Miſs AGNES VANDYKE, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Vandyke, of Redhook.

Same evening, at Staten-Iſland, by the Rev. Mr. Cole, Mr. JOHN ANDREWYET, to Mrs. JANE JOHNSON, both of that place.

On Monday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. JOHN K. FLOOR, of Bath, to Miſs ELIZABETH DUTCH, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. AUSTIN ABRAMS, to Mrs. JONES, both of this city.

On Wedneſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. ARNET S. DE PEYSTER, to Miſs SALLY MACOMB, daughter of Alexander Macomb, Eſq.

On Saturday the 31ſt of December, at Smithfield, Mr. SAMUEL SANDERS a widower, to Miſs SUSANNAH BOLLARD, both well ſtricken in years. The parties are ſupported by the town, have never ſeen each other, and probably never will, as they are both blind.

MORTALITY.

"Life! what is life? a ſhadow!
"Its date is but th' immediate breath we draw,
"Nor have we ſurety for a ſecond gaſp---
"A frail and fickle tenement it is,
"Which like the brittle glaſs that meaſures time,
"Is often broke ere half its ſands are run."

DIED,

On Sunday laſt, of a ſhort but ſevere illneſs, Miſs MARY READ, aged 13 years, 10 months, and 15 days, daughter of Mr. John Read, of this city. When the prim Tyrant ſnatches from our enjoyment a child ſo amiable and dearly beloved, in the bloom of life, the heart of ſenſibility almoſt deſpairs of that reſignation which religion ought always to inſpire.

But yet remembring that the parting ſigh,
Appoints the good to ſlumber, not to die;
The ſtarting tear we check and kiſs the rod,
And not to earth reſign her, but to God.

On Tueſday laſt, after a ſevere and tedious confinement, which he bore with meekneſs and chriſtian reſignation, under a faithful expectation of a glorious immortality, Mr. JOSEPH DRANE, of this city, in the 48th year of his age. The widow has loſt in him a kind and affectionate huſband, and his friends and acquaintance mourn the loſs of an honeſt, induſtrious, and worthy member of ſociety.

On Saturday laſt, at North-Caſtle, Mr. DAVID REYNOLDS, ſon of Mr. Iſrael Reynolds, of that place.

Same day, at Philadelphia, Mr. WILLIAM SELLS, printer, in the 79th year of his age.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be preſented 5th time an OPERA in three acts called

Chains of the Heart,

Or The SLAVE BY CHOICE.

WITH ENTERTAINMENTS.

A Place for a NURSE CHILD may be heard of by applying at this office.

February 11th, 1804. 786-t.f.

COURT OF APOLLO.

IRREGULAR ODE,

From the Author to his Miſtreſs after her refuſal.

BY JOHN EDMUND HARWOOD.

I Turn'd ſo pale, when firſt the news I heard,
Pale as I could, my love, with my complexion!
Sunk were mine eyes, and blue my grifly beard,
And beat my beetle brows in ſad reflection.
My carcaſe on the hard, hard ground I threw;
Awhile the lamb like ſoftneſs of my ſoul
Was loſt amidſt the angry tempeſts howl;
Even you, my fair, whom I have lov'd ſo true,
I called a little imp of evil,
More falſe, more treacherous than the devil!
I dare ſay, now, you thought that I ſhould die!
'Tis pity maid ſo fair, ſhould be miſtaken!
Alas! I fear you will but gain a ſigh,
A tear or two, ſome angry looks and curſes,
And, if the muſe be kind, ſome ſpiteful verſes:
But death!---No, no! my pride will ſave my bacon.
Not but I might, perchance, in ſullen mood,
This goodly throat with hempen cord adorning,
Dangling from ſome tall poplar in the wood
Dance to the breeze on a November morning;
Twould be ſo lover like, to ſeek my death
On th' anniverſary of that ſame hour,
When, on the pride of beauty's future pow'r,
My infant miſtreſs firſt inhaled her breath:
I might, perchance, ſeek Lethe in ſome ſtream,
Dive to that bliſs which I had loſt above,
Become of village nurſe, the midnight theme,
Or from the ballad of "Rejected Love."
Now whether I'm faſtidious, or in fear,
I want the heart to quit this ſcene of trouble';
Hope gives a hint there ſtill is ſomething near,
And like a child I wiſh to graſp the bubble.
She whiſpers too, I may have better luck yet;
So, if you pleaſe, I will not kick the bucket.
I know, you wiſh the village boys to hout,
"Look! look! there goes the poor deſponding poet!
There goes the dangler on a petticoat!"
All this you wiſh, you cruel jade, you know it!
But I ſhall baulk you, miſtreſs, on my life!
For, though tempeſtuous ſcorn now clouds me over,
Some future ſun may ſhine, ſome fairer wife,
May tender conſolation to your lover;
Mean time, while ſweet Thalia is my muſe,
I'll make to this fame death a ſtout reſiſtance,
Bruſhing at early dawn the healthful dews,
To keep his ſcare-crow worſhip at a diſtance.

HOUR-GLASS IN PULPITS.

AN hour glaſs is ſtill placed upon ſome of the pulpits in the provinces---The Reverend Daniel Aurgeſs, of whimſical memory, never preached without one, and he frequently ſaw it out three times during one ſermon. In a diſcourſe which he once delivered at the Conventicle in Ruſſel Court, againſt drunkenneſs ſome of his hearers began to yawn at the end of the ſecond glaſs: but Daniel was not to be ſilenced with a yawn: he turned his time-keeper, and altering the tone of voice, deſired they would be patient awhile longer, for he had much more to ſay upon the ſin of drunkenneſs, "therefore, (added he,) my brethern, we will have another glaſs, AND THAN."

[Lond pap.

THE ACADEMY No. 417 Pearl Sreet is now occupied by SAMUEL MOOR, late teacher at Greenwich---. If a ſincere deſire for, accompanied with the moſt aſſiduous exertions to promote the beſt intereſts of the riſing generation merits patronage, the ſubſcriber hopes that generous public will encourage him in the arduous but delightful taſk of leading the tender minds of their children along the flowery paths of Science. The public may reſt aſſured that it ſhall be his higheſt ambition to eſtabliſh the ſeminary a nurſery of virtue, morality and propriety of deportment, and render it worthy the attention of thoſe who are duly ſenſible of the importance of a good education which may place their children above the reach of a treacherous world, and inveſt them with an inheritance, of which the moſt adverſe viciſſitudes of fortune cannot deprive them. The room is ſpacious, retired from noiſe, and convenient for the accommodation both of young ladies and gentlemen. An evening ſchool is alſo kept for teaching Reading & Writing, with the Mercantile and Mathematical branches. SAML. MOOR.

MORALIST.

"No one can excel in things to which his talents are "not adapted, nor is there ſcarcely one out of all the myriads of human nature, who cannot excel in ſomething."

"NANCY"

"----THERE is a variety no leſs extenſive and beautiful, in the intellectual and moral world, than in the natural. God has ſeen fit to beſtow on different individuals, different kinds and degrees of mental and corporeal endowments. The ſentiments and characters of men are originated varied and formed, by innumerable circumſtances, which appear to be merely accidental---from different aſſociations, employments and habits, which are all unavoidable in ſuch a world as this. men unneceſſarily derive ſome peculiarity in their modes of thinking, reaſoning, & judging. Perhaps if the differences, oppoſitions and inequalities in the intellectual ſyſtem were deſtroyed, it would have no more beauty to an eye that could take it in at one view than this earth would, if all thoſe varieties which now render it ſo charming, were levelled down and blended in one common ſurface. The beneficent Creator has beſtowed different kinds and degrees of talent on his creatures, that they might all feel their mutual connexion and dependence; that the intellectual univerſe might exhibit a complete whole, in nothing deficient, nor redundant, diſplaying an endleſs ſucceſſion of harmonies, neither fatiguing the mind with too much uniformity, nor perplexing it with too much variety."

LIQUID BLACKING.

TICE'S improved ſhining liquid blacking for boots ſhoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is univerſally allowed the beſt ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it ſoft, ſmooth and beautiful to the laſt, and never foils. Black morocco that has loſt its luſtre is reſtored equal to new by the uſe of this blacking. Sold wholeſale, retail and for exportation, by J. Tice at his perfumery ſtore, No. 112 William ſtreet, and by G. Camp, No. 143 Pearl ſtreet, where all orders will be thankfully received and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be ſigned J. Tice, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewiſe for ſale, a general aſſortment of perfumery of the firſt quality. Dec. 17.

SAMUEL BERRIAN'S
CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 85 Chatham-ſtreet.

S. Berrian reſpectfully informs the public, that he has lately made an addition to the library of about two hundred volumes, among which are the following:

	Vols.		Vols.
Monthly Viſitor,	16	Midnight Bill,	
Monthly Mirror,	13	Black Tower,	
Wrſt's Pindar,	3	Natural Daughter,	2
Gordon's Tacitus,	5	Unnatural Son,	2
Kaime's Ketches,	4	Emigrants,	2
Aſiatic Reſearches,	6	Counteſs de St. Anois,	2
Aikins Travels,	4	Beliſarius,	
Spallanze's Travels,	4	De Montmorenci,	2
Cicero on Old Age,		Elopement,	3
Burke on the Sublime,		Maria Williams,	
Petrarch's Life,	2	Female Coquet,	
Pindar's Poems,	2	Albert de Nordenſhild,	2
Paley's Philoſophy,		Vanceeza,	
Works of Frederick, King of Pruſſia,	13	Cecelian Romance,	
Gibbon's Rome,	2	Wrongs of Women,	
Pope's Odyſſey,	2	Offspring of Ruſſell,	2
Adam's Republic,	3	Lindord,	2
Novels and Romances,		Georgina,	2
Romance of the Pyrenes,	4	Secrecy, or the Ruin on the Rock,	2
Neville Caſtle,	3	Delbrough Family,	
Aſtoniſhment,	2	Don Raphael,	2

January 28, 1104. 6w. T

NEW NOVEL,

This day publiſhed by BURNTON and DARLING, No. 116 Broadway, oppoſite the CityHotel; ZAIDA or the DETHRONEMENT of MUHAMMED IV; a novel founded on hiſtoric facts, tranſlated from the German of Auguſtus Von Kotzebue, never before publiſhed in the Engliſh language; to which is added an hiſtoric drama called the BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN by the ſame author.

N. SMITH,

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Roſe No, 119 Broadway, oppoſite the City-Hotel.

SMITH'S improved chemical Milk of Roſes, ſo well known for clearing the ſkin from ſcurf, pimples, redness or ſunburns; has no its equal for whitening and preſerving the ſkin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to uſe after ſhaving.---with printed directions,---6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Groſſe, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His ſuperfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.---do. Violet, double ſcented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Roſe Powder, 2s 6d.

Highly improved ſweet ſcented hard and ſoft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s.

His white almond Waſh Ball, 2s. and 3s each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s & 3s. Do. Vegetable.

Smith's Balſamic Lip Salve of Roſes, for giving a moſt beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughneſs and chops, and leaves them quite ſmooth, 2s and 4s per box.

His fine coſmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughneſs, and leaving the ſkin ſmooth and comfortable.

Smith's Savouette Royal Paſte, for waſhing the ſkin, making it ſmooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above with directions, 4s and 8s per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewiſe his Vegetable or Pearl Coſmetic, for immediately whitening the ſkin.

All kinds of ſweet ſcented Waters and Eſſences, with every article neceſſary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking.---Almond Powder for the Skin, 5s. lb.

Smith's Cucalla Oil, for groſſing and keeping the hair in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principle, to help the operation of ſhaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaiſter, 3s per box.

The beſt warranted Concave Razors, elaſtic Razor Strops Shaving Boxes, Dreſſing Caſes Pen Knives, Sciſſars, Tortoiſe-ſhell, Ivory and Horn Combs. Superfine white Starch Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will no only have a ſaving, but have their goods freſh and free from adulteration, which is not the caſe with imported perfumery. Great allowance to thoſe who ſell again.

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

W. S. TURNER, Surgeon Dentiſt, (from London) reſpectfully acquaints the ladies and gentleman of this city, that he practices in all the various branches of his profeſſion. He fits Artificial Teeth with ſuch uncommon nicety as to anſwer all the uſeful purpoſes of nature, and of ſo neat an appearance that it is impoſſible to diſcern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the Teeth is allowed to add every poſſible elegance to the fineſt ſet, without giving the leaſt pain, or incurring the ſlighteſt injury to the enamel. In the moſt raging Tooth-ache he can truly ſay, that his Tincture has very ſeldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from conſiderable ſtudy and practice) is attended with infinite eaſe and ſafety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any Lady or Gentleman, at their reſpective houſes, or he may be conſulted at No. 18 Dey-Street, where may be had his Tincture and Antiſcorbutic Tooth Powder. January 20, 782 tf.

For ſale by JOHN C. TOTTEN, No. 155 Chatham-ſtreet, near the new Watch-Houſe,

STELLA,

A Paſtoral Tale, from the French of Florian.

ALSO, A

GOLDEN TREASURY

FOR THE CHIDREN OF GOD,

A new edition.

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One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.